

The Enterprise.

VOL. 7.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1902.

NO. 13.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

6:56 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:00 P. M. Daily.
7:00 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect
February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross..... 6:49, 7:18, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 8:21
3:31 P. M., 3:45, 4:01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until
7:51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49,
10:21, 10:38, 11:23.

All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.

First car leaves Baden Station 6:52 A. M., and
every 15 minutes thereafter until 8:10 P. M.

Time cards can be obtained by applying to
conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sup-
days 8:00 to 8:30 a. m. Money order office open
7 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

A. M. P. M.
From the North..... 7:05 12:20
South..... 4:15

MAIL CLOSES.

A. M. P. M.
North..... 8:50 12:30
South..... 4:39

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every
Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at
11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at
7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See
local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every
Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen
of the World, meets every Wednesday
evening at Journeymen Butchers'
Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen
Butchers' Protective and Benevolent
Association, will meet every
Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen
Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain..... Redwood City
F. M. Granger..... Redwood City
J. J. Bullock..... Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
C. D. Hayward..... Redwood City
ASSESSOR
M. H. Thompson..... Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield..... Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker..... Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton..... Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe..... Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

Explosion in a Coal Mine.

Walsenburg (Col.)—A courier has just arrived here from Pictou, a coal-mining camp, located three miles from Walsenburg, bringing news that a terrible explosion occurred in one of the mines operated by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company at that place Tuesday morning, in which six men were instantly killed and ten or more wounded, many of them perhaps fatally. The mine immediately caught fire and is now a seething furnace. Among the dead are Frank Marquis Jr., son of a well-known business man of this city, and Harry Phipps, a brother of Superintendent Phipps of the Pictou mines.

The explosion was caused by a large amount of gas which had accumulated in the mine during the night. At 5 o'clock in the morning a gang of miners entered one of the chambers in which the gas had accumulated. A terrific explosion followed, killing six men and maiming many others.

Stole Money and Lost It on Races.

St. Louis.—The investigation of the books of the late H. C. Tatum, secretary and treasurer of the Western National Travelers' Association, who recently committed suicide, shows a shortage of about \$16,000. It was stated that Tatum confessed before the examination of his books commenced that a shortage would be found and said it had all gone on the races.

Big Harness Races Arranged.

New York.—Articles of agreement were signed for two match races for \$20,000 a side between Thomas W. Lawson's Boralma, E. E. Smather's Lord Derby and John J. Scannell's The Abbott. The Boralma-Lord Derby race will take place first. It is agreed that not less than two weeks shall elapse between the races.

ITEMS FROM EAST, NORTH AND SOUTH

Important Happenings of the Week Told in Brief Tele- grams.

Mrs. Rebecca Belle Yates, alias Eddy, a noted clairvoyant, has been arraigned in Detroit on an indictment found against her in 1897, charging use of the mails in a scheme to defraud. She waived examination and was committed to jail in default of \$1,000 bail. The indictment alleges that Mrs. Yates opened a correspondence with Mrs. Cordelia L. Common of Cleveland, Ohio, and represented to her that through spirits she had learned of real estate and money in Detroit which legally belong to Mrs. Common. Mrs. Yates offered to secure the property and money for Mrs. Common.

A cable to the New York Sun from Lewiston, Montana, near the scene of the reported diamond discoveries, says that according to Clifford Deo, the discoverer, the fields cover an area of fifteen miles long and four miles wide. Deo brought in a large number of the stones, which he found on the side of an art hill. Some of the stones that were examined and thoroughly tested by a mineralogist were pronounced sapphires of an excellent quality, similar to the white sapphires found in the Yogo district, which are now shipped to London.

Professor Charles W. Pearson of the chair of English literature in the Northwestern University, which is conducted under Methodist auspices, has thrown a bomb into the ranks of Methodism in Evanston, the seat of the university, by giving out for publication a statement of his belief that Biblical infallibility is a superstitious and hurtful tradition, and that Biblical stories of Christ's bringing the dead to life, of his walking on the water and of feeding the multitude with leaven and fishes, are mere poetic fancies, incredible and untrue.

Secretary Hay has received a telegram from William I. Buchanan, president of the United States delegation at the Pan-American Congress, fully confirming the press reports that a complete understanding has been reached on the question of arbitration before the congress. This subject was the only one promising serious difficulty in adjustment and the officials are now satisfied that the congress will be a success. It is expected that, with this last obstacle removed, such rapid progress will be made in fixing the final protocol and of securing the signatures of the delegates that the congress will be able to adjourn within the present month.

Great heroism was displayed by the elevator boy in a Chicago seven-story apartment building which was burned last week. Sixty women and children were in the building when the flames were discovered. About half of them were on the top floor at luncheon, and they were thrown into a panic. Otto Bola, the elevator boy, however, succeeded in making several trips through the smoke and flames and carried all of them to safety. The last one out of the building was a paralytic, whom the elevator boy carried to his car and later into the air.

American soldiers in the Philippines must shoot with more accuracy. This is the burden of an order recently issued by General Chaffee, copies of which have been received at the War Department. The General points out that as the unavoidable result of the lack of regular target practice both officers and men in the division of the Philippines have fallen far below the desirable proficiency in this most important of a soldier's qualifications. To the end indicated General Chaffee has ordered a number of exercises to be performed by all the enlisted men of the army of the Philippines, using the carbine or rifle.

Because he publicly declared his intention to assassinate President Roosevelt when his army term expired and for indorsing the crime of Czolgosz, Private Frank Rakowski of the artillery, stationed at Fort Canby, was publicly degraded and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment on Alcatraz Island. Some days before Christmas Rakowski was in a saloon in Chinook, where the assassination of President McKinley was mentioned. Rakowski was at the time wearing his uniform, and, being under the influence of liquor, made the following statement: "President McKinley got what he deserved. My time of enlistment in the army will soon expire. When it does I'll see that President Roosevelt gets the same dose Czolgosz gave McKinley." But for the intervention of officers of the peace Rakowski would have been killed on the spot. A court-martial was held and the prisoner was found guilty. The sentence imposed was dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of all pay and allowances and confinement on Alcatraz for ten years.

FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

The total of 119 fatalities in the Swiss Alps constitutes the record for the year 1901, and is double the number of fatalities in 1900. Chamonix is the principal center from which the death of mountain climbers has been announced.

The Scotland Yard officials have been notified by the Commissioner of Police of New York that a large gang of swindlers are gradually making their way to London in batches. Full descriptions of the members of the gang have been supplied to the British police.

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A cable to the New York Sun from London says: Europe does not credit the German Emperor with disinterested motives in sending Prince Henry to the United States and inviting the daughter of President Roosevelt to christen the royal yacht. Diplomats of other courts are most reluctantly acknowledging that William has made a master political stroke amid a chorus of jealous antagonism to the United States.

Marie Corelli, in a letter to an English paper, caps the climax of the anti-German feeling existing in England. She declaims passionately against the similarity of the new British army uniforms with those of the German army. "Bear in mind," she writes, "the absolutely criminal offense against our King, by the vile prints circulated in Germany, is it justified or justifiable to insult our brave officers by compelling them to wear any uniform, even remotely resembling that worn by admitted slanders of our King, army and country?" Marie Corelli admits that it is scarcely necessary to allude to the "widespread indignation which prevails everywhere at the color and design of the new postage stamps, which are so essentially German in appearance."

Minister Wu called upon Secretary Hay last week in connection with the restoration to the Chinese Government of the value of the silver bullion, amounting to \$376,600, which was captured by the American marines at Tientsin, forming part of the revenues of the salt customs. This money would have been restored long ago, and, indeed, Secretary Long had contemplated turning it over soon after it fell into the possession of the marines, but in the disorganized state of the Chinese Government there was no official to whom it could be handed. Mr. Wu has now been ordered by his Government to receive this money, and it will be given him in the shape of a draft on the treasury, where the money is deposited, which may be readily exchanged for bills on Shanghai.

A cable from Paris says: Liberte prints in italics an alarmist special dispatch from Nancy, which states that there has been an extraordinary strengthening of the German forces at Metz, thirty-five miles away, and that great quantities of supplies have been accumulated there. A French officer declared that the French Intelligence Department was very much alarmed at those preparations, which were out of all proportion to what was necessary to keep the German garrison on a peace footing. The Temps says that all State alliances are on an unstable equilibrium. It notes that no great success has attended the advances of England to Russia. The paper says some people dream of a quadruple alliance between England, Italy, Russia and France, and others of an agreement between England and Japan. The Temps adds that recent advances of Emperor William toward America are very significant.

A cable to the World from Sofia says: The leaders of the brigands who have been holding Miss Stone and Mme. Tsilka prisoners for twenty weeks have finally accepted in writing the conditions for the release of the captives prescribed by the agents who have been negotiating for the women's freedom. These agents are Rev. Dr. W. W. Peet, treasurer of the American missionary station in Constantinople and the dragoman of the United States Legation in Turkey. These two men left Constantinople December 17th and for one month have been unremitting in their efforts to reach an understanding with the bandits. The brigands waived their original demand that the ransom should be paid on Bulgarian soil, and will accept it in Macedonia, which is Turkish territory. This is supposed to relieve the Government of Bulgaria from liability for indemnity covering the ransom paid, and perhaps heavy damages besides, actual and punitive. It is understood that Rev. Dr. Peet has \$61,000 in Turkish gold to hand over to the brigands in exchange for the liberation of Miss Stone and Mme. Tsilka.

COAST NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

Items of Interest From Every Section of the Pacific Slope.

The British cruisers Phaeton and Egeria have been ordered to search for the missing sloop-of-war Condor.

Considerable excitement prevails at Dawson over the striking of a second bedrock on El Dorado creek thirty feet beneath the first. The gravel runs from \$1 to \$5 to the pan. Circle City, once the leading mining camp in the north, is now deserted except by storekeepers, all having stampeded to Good Pasture, in the Tanana country, where rich gravel has been discovered.

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THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

A man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

Happiness, like the rainbow, is hard to locate after it once gets away.

There's plenty of room at the top, but most of us want to be where the crowd is.

Man is a two-legged animal who tries to work all the other animals for a living.

Aunt Carrie has got her divorce and was also awarded the custody of the feather bed.

Justice is again accelerated by a divorce granted to a man because his wife has cold feet.

When three women sit down to talk about a new dress pattern a small boy with a toy drum is inaudible.

The Russian nihilists are continuing their policy of masterly inactivity. The Czar uses cigarettes to excess.

An American dentist has been fixing the sultan's teeth. The United States government may have to collect the bill.

A purchase of real estate in Paris for a Yankee skyscraper has alarmed Frenchmen who revere the Eiffel Tower.

King Edward's coronation rites will last four hours, during which time he will be compelled to abstain absolutely from smoking.

There are several sovereigns over here who are anxious to get a good swift kick at Prince Henry, who has been abusing Wilhelmina.

A western judge has decided that sausage is not sausage unless it is in links. We may yet have to admit that the color of the hair makes the dog.

Chicago has a 4-year-old boy who smokes strong cigars. This is bad; but let us be thankful anyway. We have no 4-year-olds who write poetry.

On Pitcairn Island in the South Pacific Ocean, mail is delivered only once a year. That must be a pleasant place for the man whose bills come by the post.

King Chulalunkorn of Siam is preparing to attend the St. Louis Exposition. It is but fair to the king to say that his headquarters will not be on the Midway.

When a man has to ask his wife for the price of a haircut, the spiritual affinity is due for a jar. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that Henry and Wilhelmina of Holland are out.

That man who was supposed to be dead showed poor taste in returning just as his wife was starting on a wedding trip with another man. He might at least have permitted them to enjoy a pleasant honeymoon.

A Chicago woman has been paying money to a man to keep him from calling in evil spirits and having her carried away by them. Still, there are about two million more people in the city who have not been worked in that way.

A Philadelphia bank teller has been stricken with smallpox because he handled germ-infected currency. This is unpleasant news, but it will hardly abate the fondness of men, women and children, in Philadelphia and elsewhere, to handle money, even if it is not fresh from the mint or the bureau of engraving and printing.

The Department of Agriculture urges strongly the introduction of a new industry, the cultivation of flowers—particularly roses—for perfume-making. It is believed that in California the oil, or attar, of roses can be distilled on a scale so extensive that American perfumers may ultimately become independent of foreign producers of attar. In any event the industry, which is peculiarly adapted to the tastes of women, will be a new and large source of domestic income.

Thousands of microscopists are employed in Germany to prevent trichinosis by detecting diseased pork; but if a tenth of the money thus expended were used in dissuading people from eating raw meat, the desired result would be attained more completely. A medical journal uses this illustration to show "how science outruns statesmanship." Perhaps it should be reminded that science can deal with things as they ought to be, whereas legislators must move slowly because of the interests, habits and prejudices of people as they are.

Can you tell by the manner in which rainwater eats its way down a hillside whether the soil was originally covered with forest? If the tract of land was once wooded, can you by the same sign tell about how long it has been cleared? Such observations are full of interest. The rains make rapid work in eroding newly cleared and newly tilled land and hillsides; but the prairie has reached a state of comparative equilibrium.

A young woman lingered in a store elevator the other day after it had disgorged the crowd. "Seventeen is the

limit," she said to elevator man; "you took in more than twenty." "You have collected six fares without ringing up one," said a lady to a street-car conductor. "I am responsible for two; please ring them up." "I do not care to discuss the matter here," said a tall college girl to a hackman. "I will pay you what you ask, take your number, and make investigation later." "Waiters six and eleven," reported a woman to a hotel clerk, "fail to serve me civilly when I do not feel them." These four complaints, all overheard in one day, seem to confirm the rumor that American good-natured indifference is waking up.

A consular report of the tests made of two American locomotives in use on a Bavarian railway says that they are found satisfactory in every respect but one. They whistle after a fashion which sounds "unearthly" to musical German ears. They screech in the way familiar to all who live near American roads instead of letting out gentle murmurs as foreign-built engines do when they wish to attract attention. It is not strange that there should be such a difference in whistles. In the United States innumerable country roads cross the railways at grade. Men and live stock trespass on the tracks, while they do not abroad. It is necessary to have some device to warn human beings and cattle that they are in danger. No better device than the ear-piercing whistle has been discovered.

In the early days of American railroading the signs at road crossings read "look out for the locomotive when the bell rings." It was soon discovered that the rattling of wheels often kept a driver from hearing the soft sound of a bell, and the whistle, whose shrill sound pierces through everything, was substituted for it. It will be an easy matter for American locomotive builders to put on the engines which they send abroad the toy whistles to which foreigners are accustomed and which answer there all the purposes of a whistle.

The severe morality of modern times threatens the supremacy of one whose gray hairs alone ought to protect him—no less a personage than that archgiver, Santa Claus. It has been decided by many wise mothers that this Christmas fiction gives children their first knowledge of hypocrisy and deceit, and that there is an unbecoming skepticism about the young man of seven or eight who has outlived the St. Nicholas delusion and a certain air of contemptuous pity towards other victims of this deceit. Moreover, they declare that it is demoralizing to make an idol of one whose only virtue is a reckless habit of gift-giving and about whose habits little is known. Yet on the other hand it has never been proved that those who have been thus amiably deluded were any the worse for the deception in after life, and, in fact, many who have outlived all delusions love to hug to themselves the memory of their faith in this giver of good gifts. Of course the saint himself has felt his power weakening in late years and he has lived to see automobiles preferred to reindeer as a means of locomotion and to have his travels through chimneys marred by the odors from gas logs, yet he has persisted in his benevolent habits in spite of these drawbacks, and it seems a pity to add anything more to his pack of miseries. Parents will decide for themselves in this matter, but at present it looks as if, on the coming nights before Christmas, when "mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap" settle down for a long winter's nap, the worthy pair will not be disturbed by the clatter of Santa Claus' approach.

SKILLED IN MANY SPORTS.

Left-Handed People Are Proficient in Ways that Astonish One.

It is not wise to poke fun at a left-handed boy or girl. They may develop qualities that are unattainable by those who use their right hands preferably. Children who have fallen into this habit of using their left hands should not be taught to do violence to a strongly implanted instinct and use the right hand whether they will or no. Such a training not only inflicts upon the child a useless amount of hardship and inconvenience, but may do him serious injury, even to depriving him of the power of speech.

According to the latest scientific discoveries all manner of havoc may be wrought with the brain by the adoption of this mistaken method of teaching left-handed children to use the right hand.

This discovery is the result of experiments lately made at the University of Chicago, which has gone more deeply into the modern subject of "child study" than most of the universities. It is Professor Smedley, director of the department of pedagogical investigation, who has made the most fruitful experiments with the left-handed.

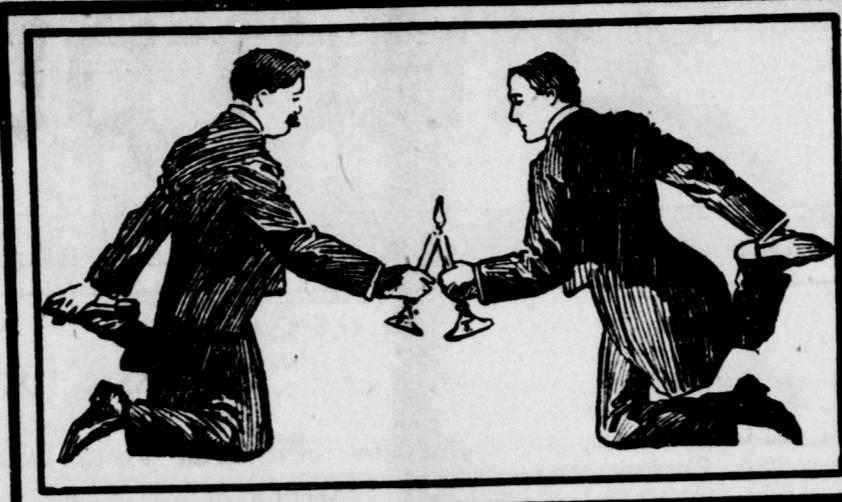
He discovered that by far the greater majority of mothers looked upon left-handedness as a defect to be overcome at any cost and that the child was in consequence forced into a most uncongenial system of training. The greater number of children so trained, says Professor Smedley, are defective in speech.

"About ten days afterward I received a letter saying that my conversation had had an effect upon him, and that he was starting his first novel. So perhaps the world is really indebted to me, indirectly, for the pleasure of reading 'Peter Ibbetson' and 'Trilby.' The fact is that he had, with Burnand and myself, just visited Paris, the first time he had set foot in the gay city since his youth. Many things he saw had impressed him, and 'Peter Ibbetson' was the result."

It is also a matter of record that left-handed persons are in games of skill more proficient than those who are right-handed.

Warning from Insurance Men. New Orleans insurance experts warn the people that the city may be burned down any time if the present careless methods of handling oil are tolerated.

NEW GAME PLAYED WITH CANDLES.



Here is a novel trick and one which never fails to afford much entertainment at an evening party. Two persons kneel on the ground at a distance of about three feet from each other, and to each is given a candle, of which one should be lighted. The right or left foot of each, as the case may be, is then to be held by his free hand, the result being that the entire weight of the body will rest on the other knee. The person holding the unlighted candle must then try to light it at the other one. That this is no easy task can very easily be ascertained.

JOHN BROWN'S BIRTHPLACE.

Movement Started to Perpetuate Old New England Farmhouse.

An association, called the John Brown Association, has been formed for the purpose of purchasing and preserving the old homestead at Torrington, Conn., where John Brown, the noted abolitionist and martyr, was born. The house has stood untenanted for many years and relic hunters have carried away many of its fixtures, but an end is to be placed to this vandalism by the association.

The Brown homestead has been in existence a century and a half and has been the dwelling place of many families who tried to eke out an existence



JOHN BROWN'S BIRTHPLACE.

from the stony and stubborn acres attached to it. In 1798 Owen Brown, father of the abolitionist, moved into it after having tried to make a living in other parts of New England. Here in 1800—on May 9, to be exact—the future martyr was born. The first five years of his life were spent within its shelter. The Browns had more or less claim to the title of sons of New England, no less than six generations having tilled its soil since the coming of the Mayflower nearly two centuries before.

In 1805 Owen Brown forsook the East and settled in Hudson, Ohio, where his son received his early education. In 1812, securing a contract to supply the army with provisions, the Brown family took up its abode in Detroit. Later the son settled in Richmond, Pa., where President Jackson appointed him postmaster.

In the subsequent stormy years of his life John Brown settled for a time in Massachusetts, but Torrington and its vicinity knew him no more. Now the people are aroused to retain the fame which the accident of birth conferred on Torrington.

DU MAURIER'S NOVELS.

Harry Furniss' Talk an Indirect Cause of Their Creation.

Henry Furniss, the caricaturist, writes as follows in Harper's of his acquaintance with George du Maurier: "It is a curious fact that I really never had a seat allotted to me at the Punch table; I always sat in Du Maurier's, except on the rare occasions when he came to the dinner, when I moved up one. It was always a treat to have Du Maurier at the table." He was by far and away the cleverest conversationalist of his time I ever met; his delightful repartees were so neat; and his daring chaff and his criticisms so bright and refreshing. *

"Du Maurier's extremely clever conversation struck me the moment I joined the staff of Punch. As I went part of his way to Hampstead, we sometimes shared our cab, and in one of these journeys I mentioned my conviction that he, in my mind, was a great deal more than a humorous artist, and if he would only take up the pen seriously the world would be all the more indebted to him. He told me that Mr. James had for some time said nice things of a similar character.

"About ten days afterward I received a letter saying that my conversation had had an effect upon him, and that he was starting his first novel. So perhaps the world is really indebted to me, indirectly, for the pleasure of reading 'Peter Ibbetson' and 'Trilby.' The fact is that he had, with Burnand and myself, just visited Paris, the first time he had set foot in the gay city since his youth. Many things he saw had impressed him, and 'Peter Ibbetson' was the result."

It is also a matter of record that left-handed persons are in games of skill more proficient than those who are right-handed.

HOW THE OTHER BAND WON.

They Made the "Silent" Member of a Rival Organization a Noisy One.

"I once belonged to a country band when I was a youngster," said the talkative man. "It was great sport, and no man has really lived unless he has

BORN IN THE COUNTRY

NO BOY NEED EVER BE ASHAMED OF IT.

Daily Contact with Nature Gives Health, Happiness, Purity and Peace, and What Is There That Is More Worth Striving For?

No boy need ever regret that he was born in the country and reared on a farm, says former Secretary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton in the Conservative. He may lack the keenness and polish of his city cousin. He may be embarrassed by his own awkwardness and feel that he is at a hopeless disadvantage in the race, but the country boy has the advantage of a wider range of practical ideas. From the very first his little services are in demand. He becomes at once a part of the force that is making for home comfort and prosperity and feels the independence of one who is helping to support himself and add to the general store.

The country boy is likely to regard his life as one of drudgery, and such it may be if he loses interest in his surroundings or is pressed with a continued round of duty.

There is something heroic in the country boy's struggle with the elements. Rain and snow and sleet only brace his courage. The garnering of the crops, the housing and feeding of the domestic animals, the gathering and preparation of the winter fuel, give a purpose and zest to his toil.

Then there is the long tramp, sometimes of miles, to the district school; lessons learned before and after long hours of labor. Is it any wonder there are keen wits developing all outside of graded systems and in defiance of pedagogical order? It is the intensity of purpose with which the mind acts under the influence of vigorous health and the conscious value of time that accounts for these results. So from the farms is being supplied a stream of active world workers—men not afraid to do their duty and bubbling over with energy and ambition.

From the little red schoolhouses come into our colleges and schools of higher grade aspiring youth. Some are seeking a place to go to the district school; lessons learned before and after long hours of labor. Is it any wonder there are keen wits developing all outside of graded systems and in defiance of pedagogical order?

"But the plan proved a most disastrous one. A member of the rival band seeing the youth proudly carrying a horn, mistrusted what we were up to, and, getting the boy aside, he discovered the cork and pulled it out.

"When we started playing in the great contest," continued the talkative man, according to the Detroit Free Press, "I became aware at once that some one was making horrible discords, and, turning around, I discovered to my horror that the half-witted youth, immensely proud of his position, was filling his instrument to the full extent of his lung power. It is hardly necessary to state that we did not win the contest."

"Moral Suasion."

A youthful supervising principal, who does not believe in corporal punishment, but in moral suasion, was summoned the other afternoon to the classroom of one of his teachers, Johnny and Tommy, the teacher complained, had been throwing pencils at one another, and she had been unable to make them stop.

"Then I will try a little moral suasion on them," the supervising principal said. "I will take them into my office, sit them down before me, and from now till half-past 5 I'll keep them throwing pencils at each other. I will also make them write the word 'pencil' 500 times, and I will make them hand me in a 300-word composition on pencil throwing."

The teacher approved with a respectful smile of this ingenious punishment.

It was then 2 o'clock, and at 5 she made ready to go home. Her way led her past the principal's office, and she looked in. He sat reading at his desk, and Johnny and Tommy, the two boys, stood about seven feet apart, throwing pencils at one another with a weary, bored air.—Philadelphia Record.

TURNED OVER TO MARY.

A recently published story of the late Lord Morris illustrates his scorn of red tape and petty details.

A question had arisen as to the cost of heating the Irish law courts, and a consequential treasury official was sent from London to Dublin on purpose to investigate the matter.

Then he sent out a messenger, and presently there entered an old charwoman. Lord Morris arose and left the room, saying as he did so:

"Mary, here is the young man to see about the coal."

DIMINISHING IN STATURE.

When a man ceases to grow he begins to diminish. Such is the conclusion at which a German physician has arrived, after several months' careful study of the subject of human height. Men, so it is asserted, begin to grow smaller in their thirty-fifth year, and women a little before they are 40. Men, however, stop growing when they are 30, and for five or six years their stature remains stationary. Then it decreases, at first very slowly, but afterward more rapidly.

PATIENT JANE.

"Jane always looks under the bed for a burglar."

"Did she ever see one?"

"No. But she lives in hopes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What has become of the old-fashioned child that "made faces?"

QUEER WAYS OF THE MARTEN.

A Peculiar Habit that Has Saved the Animal from Extinction.

"The Hudson Bay marten, the little fur-bearer whose skin is ever popular and at times exceedingly valuable, is still plentiful in that region of fur-bearers," said W. B. Salmon, one time a trapper for the Hudson Bay Company, "but I believe it would have been virtually extinct there long ago if it were not for a habit it has of making periodical disappearances, of which I never heard any satisfactory explanation."

"These disappearances occur every ten years. Where the animals go no one knows. No dead ones are ever found, and no one has yet discovered any evidence of their migration to any other region. A few martens, of course, remain on their old feeding grounds, but during the season of the disappearance of their fellows none of them will touch the bait in a trap and consequently none is caught. The next year the martens are back again in their old haunts as numerous as ever, and for ten years more submit to being caught."

"The Hudson Bay martens seem to be the only ones of the species that have this strange habit. The Lake Superior martens don't waste any of their time in disappearing voluntarily, but are found at the old stand year in and year out, housing themselves in hollow trees in the deepest woods and making life a perpetual burden to birds, squirrels, rabbits and other small game on which they prey."

"The Lake Superior marten has one predilection of the palate in which he resembles the bear. That is a passion for honey. He will line a wild bee to its home with the precision of the most expert bee hunter, and the hidden sweets of that bee colony will have to be in a most inaccessible place if the marten doesn't soon reveal in them. Like the male mink, the male marten has an overpowering love for his own offspring, but for the offspring of his fellow martens—such peculiar love, indeed, that if it wasn't for the instinct and shrewdness of the mother martens the race of martens would have been unknown long ago. The male marten is so fond of his young that he will eat them up whenever he happens to find them. The mother, therefore, bears her young in some secret hiding place, and keeps them hidden until they are half grown and able to

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXIV.

I, Olivia Foster, take up the thread of the story—the woful, weary narrative of my wanderings after leaving my island friends.

Once more I found myself in London. I had more acquaintance with almost every great city on the Continent. Fortunately, Tardif had given me the address of a boarding house, or rather a small family hotel, where he had stayed two or three times, and I drove there at once. I went to several governess agencies, which were advertising for teachers in the daily papers. When a fortnight had passed with no opening for me, I felt it necessary to leave the boarding house which had been my temporary home. Wandering about the least fashionable suburbs, where lodgings would cost least, I found a bedroom in the third story of a house in a tolerably respectable street.

In this feverish solitude one day dragged itself after another with awful monotony. As they passed by, the only change they brought was that the sultry heat grew ever cooler, and the long days shorter. Think what a dreary life for a young girl! I was fond of companionship, and needed love as much as any girl. Was it strange that my thoughts dwelt somewhat dangerously upon the pleasant, peaceful days in Sark?

Now and then, when I ventured out into the streets, a panic would seize me, a dread unutterable great, that I might meet my husband amidst the crowd. I did not even know that he was in London; he had always spoken of it as a place he detested. His habits made the free, unconventional life upon the Continent more agreeable to him. How he was living now, what he was doing, where he was, were so many enigmas to me; and I did not care to run any risk in finding out the answers to them. Twice I passed the Bank of Australia, where very probably I could have learned if he was in the same city as myself; but I dared not do it, and as soon as I knew how to avoid that street, I never passed along it.

I had been allowed to leave my address with the clerk of a large general agency in the city. Towards the close of October I received a note from him, desiring me to call at the office at two o'clock the following afternoon, without fail. I had a long time to wait. The office clock pointed to half-past three before I caught the clerk's eye, and saw him beckon me up to the counter. I had thrown back my veil, for here I was perfectly safe from recognition. At the other end of the counter stood a young man in consultation with a clerk. He looked curiously at me, but I was sure he could not know me.

"Miss Ellen Martineau?" said the clerk. That was my mother's name, and I had adopted it for my own, feeling as if I had some right to it.

"Yes," I answered.

"Would you object to go into a French school as governess?" he inquired.

"Not in the least," I said eagerly.

"And pay a small premium?" he added.

"How much?" I asked, my spirits failing again.

"A mere trifle," he said; "about ten pounds or so for twelve months. You would perfect yourself in French, you know; and you would gain a referee for the future."

"I must think about it," I replied.

"Well, there is the address of a lady who can give you all the particulars," he said, handing me a written paper.

I left the office heavy hearted. Ten pounds would be more than the half of the little store left to me. Yet, would it not be wiser to secure a refuge and shelter for twelve months than run the risk of not finding any other situation? I walked slowly along the street towards the busier thoroughfares, with my head bent down and my mind busy, when suddenly a heavy hand was laid upon my arm, grasping it with crushing force, and a harsh, thick voice shouted triumphantly:

"I've caught you at last!"

It was like the bitterness of death that chill and terror sweeping over me. My husband's hot breath was upon my cheek, and his eyes were looking closely into mine. But before I could speak his grasp was torn away from me, and he was sent whirling into the middle of the road. I turned, almost in equal terror, to see who had thrust himself between us. It was a stranger whom I had noticed in the agency office. But his face was now dark with passion, and as my husband staggered back again towards us, his hand was ready to thrust him away a second time.

"She's my wife," he stammered, trying to get past the stranger to me. By this time a knot of spectators had formed about us, and a policeman had come up. The stranger drew my arm through his, and faced them defiantly.

"He's a drunken scoundrel like that?" "She's my wife," he stammered, trying to get past the stranger to me. By this time a knot of spectators had formed about us, and a policeman had come up. The stranger drew my arm through his, and faced them defiantly.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1902.

The Scientific American is out for the Panama Canal and is throwing all the weight of its influence in favor of the French ditch.

The last week's Redwood City Democrat throws a bouquet to the Hearst newspapers. The Democrat will doubtless get a nosegay in return.

The Campbell Visitor has changed hands. E. C. Hurbut has sold to Belmont Phillips. The weekly visits of the Visitor have been a pleasure to us. Under the new management we doubt not the paper will grow in interest as well as circulation and influence.

The Southern Pacific Company has been putting on record a lot of deeds of right of way for the Bay Shore line, which moves the local press to reiterate the worn-out announcement of "work about to begin on the Bay Shore line." Don't worry, brethren. The S. P. Co. will build the Bay Shore cut-off and will do it in its own good time. Wait until you see the dirt moving. Then you may shout to some purpose.

A NEW GREAT REGISTER.

All voters must register this year. New voters must register and old voters must re-register. Under the provisions of the law registration is required at every general election. The next election in November is a general one. It will be for state officers, congressmen, county and township officers and every voter should get on the register in time to vote. This can be done by calling on the County Clerk or any of his deputies throughout the county.

MCKINLEY MEMORIAL.

We are in receipt of a circular letter from Col. Geo. Stone, chairman of the California branch of the McKinley National Memorial Association, asking us to publish the circular of the McKinley National Memorial Association, with such editorial comments as we may deem appropriate. The circular is too long for our little paper, but we are in favor of the object sought. We will, therefore, boil down the business by stating that the Association proposes to erect at Canton, Ohio, a memorial which shall fittingly honor the memory of President McKinley. The estimated cost of the proposed memorial is \$450,000 and it is proposed to raise the additional sum of \$200,000, to be used as a fund to provide for the care and maintenance of the memorial.

The Association asks the State of California to raise \$30,000 of the required \$650,000. Wednesday, January 29th, the anniversary of the birthday of the late President McKinley, is suggested as McKinley Day, to be generally observed as such and that the schools shall make it a special day and allow the children on that day to contribute to the Memorial fund.

It is also suggested that the churches make Sunday, January 26th, a special day and hold memorial exercises and give opportunity to those who are willing to contribute to the memorial work. Col. Geo. Stone is chairman of the California branch and all contributions can be sent to him at San Francisco, Cal.

Now to come to the point. The people loved McKinley and reverence his memory. They should provide the means for the National Memorial. It should come in small sums and from all the people, every one giving his mite. No contribution should exceed one dollar and it should run from that sum down to the nickels of the school children. We trust Professor Painton will look after the school contributions. Any contributions of citizens may be left with the Enterprise and will be promptly forwarded.

PRESS NOTES.

Natural gas, richest oil wells in the State, electric railroad! What more advantages should Halfmoon Bay and the coast side ask in addition to the ones she already has?—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

If the State Commission don't buy the Big Basin at once they ought to be driven out of their commission with a redwood fence post.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

Trusts may keep on grabbing, but so long as seal and abalone hooks can be borrowed and the beach is free, they can never monopolize the happiness of this part of the world.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

MILBRAE NOTES.

John Mangini has moved into the Machado cottage, back of the school house.

Geo. H. Tilton, a prominent business man of Tilton, N. H., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Green.

Tramps are plentiful around here at present. The large amount of work being done by the railroad company is probably the reason why they center here.

A. Van Lierde departed for Cincinnati during the week. Mr. Van Lierde will superintend the construction of machinery for the Spring Valley Water Co., which is being done in the Eastern city.

The Sixteen Mile House has changed hands. John Mangini has transferred his lease to James E. Fickett, whose aim will be to keep an up-to-date house. Mr. Fickett is having the place overhauled.—Leader, San Mateo.

PONIATOWSKI'S SUCCESSOR.

Prince Poniatowski, who is now in New York, has been succeeded by W. Frank Pierce as president of the Standard Electric Company, the former having resigned. Poniatowski remains in the directorate.—Redwood City Democrat.

THE REASON.

A German professor who is given to great deliberation of speech and has never been known to increase its speed under the most compelling circumstances had an amusing experience in a restaurant not long ago.

The waiter had brought him raw oysters, and, to his dismay, he saw that the professor had apparently no intention of tasting them.

"I cannot eat these oysters," said the German slowly, without raising his eyes to the anxious waiter. The man seized the plate and bore it out of sight in an instant. He was a new waiter, and it was with much trepidation that he laid the second supply of oysters before this discriminating patron.

"I cannot eat these oysters," said the professor after one glance at the plate which had been set before him.

"I think you'll find them all right, sir," faltered the waiter. "I don't think there's anything wrong about them, sir." He looked miserable, having been told that the German was a frequent and valued patron of the restaurant and must be well and quickly served.

"I cannot eat these oysters," announced the professor for the third time, with the calmness of chorus in a tragedy, "because as yet you have furnished me no fork."—Youth's Companion.

HE KNEW HIS FRIEND.

An old German was on his deathbed. In his earlier years he had led a wild life, but since the death of Schneider, one of his boon companions, he had reformed and given up his bad habits. This Schneider in his day had been a mighty drinker, famous for his capacity and carouses.

The priest was ministering to the dying man, consoling him with visions of the paradise he would soon enter, telling him that he would meet there his old friends and what a joy it would be to see them all again.

The dying man asked feebly, "Will Schneider be there, your reverence?"

Thinking to give him pleasure, the priest replied, "Yes; Schneider will be there."

"Ach!" said the other. "Dot is very bad. All dose drinkings und endings und fightings all over again, all dot been und whisky!"

"But there will be no drinking in heaven," said the priest.

"But you said Schneider would be there."

"So he will," was the priest's reply.

"Und dere won't be no drinkings, you think? Ach! You don't know Schneider!"—Lippincott's.

RELIEVED.

It was a long ride through a desolate and dangerous country, and the politician sought to relieve the monotony by philosophic musings on his recent victory and embarrassments that even success brings.

"Hold up your hands!"

The stagecoach gave a lurch and stopped. The ray of light that shot into the vehicle turned the spattering rain into myriads of evanescent gems.

"What do you want?" asked the politician, with a firmness that showed that he had faced danger before.

"Your money."

"Here it is."

"Your watch and diamond ring."

"They are yours."

"I must say you're good natured anyhow," said one of the highwaymen.

"Not at all. Are you sure that's all you desire?"

"What in thunder did you think we wanted?"

"I was afraid!"—and the politician's voice trembled a little—"you wanted an office!"—Philadelphia North American.

Pussy's Sponge and Hairbrush.

Cats large and small make the most careful toilet of any class of animals, excepting some of the opossums. Lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, India-rubber-like ball of the fore foot and the inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

FOR SALE.

Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this country required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business houses of solid financial standing. Salary \$1000, weekly, with additional, all payable in cash weekly. Wednesday, direct from "head offices" Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.

SOME LEGAL FREAKS.

CURIOS TWISTS THAT OBTAIN IN ENGLISH CRIMINAL LAW.

A Person May Be Guilty of Perjury Though He Swears to the Truth—No Such Offense as Trespass—Plants About Forgery.

In no branch of the law as it is dispensed in Great Britain are such curious points to be found or a greater number of anomalies to be met with than in the criminal branch thereof.

It may be news to some people, for instance, to know that there are a number of things in existence which cannot be stolen, such as a corpse, animals ferae naturae—i. e., animals wild in a state of nature (with certain exceptions created by statute)—soil of the earth, etc. To attempt to steal nothing would appear on the face of it to be an impossibility, much less a crime, but a man indicted for attempting to pick a lady's pocket which was subsequently found to be empty was found guilty of an "attempt to commit theft," though, in fact, there was nothing in the pocket to steal.

Any one lucky enough to pick up a sovereign lying in the road will be glad to hear that, if at the time of finding it he had no reasonable means of discovering the owner of it, and also if he did not at the same time conceive the idea of appropriating it to himself, he will not be guilty of stealing if he keeps his lucky find, even if the right owner discovers and claims it.

Most people walking in the country must have noticed on numerous occasions boards or placards posted up in woods, fields, etc., notifying in large letters that "trespassers will be prosecuted," but few are aware that such notices are utterly useless and no one need feel the least alarm thereat, there being no such offense known in criminal law as such a trespass, and a person could never be prosecuted for such an offense. They are, in fact, the words of that eminent jurist, Sir Frederick Pollock, in his well known work, "Pollock on Torts," a "wooden falsehood."

It is a common fallacy to imagine that the crime of forgery consists in signing another's name, though in fact committing forgery consists in making and uttering any false instrument in writing with attempt to defraud; thus it may be a forgery to omit a word from a document, and it will be a matter of considerable surprise to many to learn that it is possible for a person to forge his or her own name. A person, however, who fraudulently inserts another's name on a picture, thereby selling it as the work of some other artist, is not guilty of forgery, as a picture is not an "instrument in writing."

The crime of perjury also does not quite "fit in" with the generally accepted idea, which is that if a person, after being sworn on oath to speak the truth, swears falsely, he is guilty of such offense. This is correct with the important qualification that the fact the witness has sworn to must be material to the case. Thus, if a witness on being duly sworn gave a false address on being asked where he lived, this, though untrue, would not amount to perjury, as the place where the witness lived would be quite immaterial.

That a person may be guilty of perjury though speaking the truth may seem a curious anomaly, but such nevertheless is the fact, as the test of perjury is not whether a person is speaking what he believes to be the truth; so, if a witness, for instance, on being asked, "What colored tie was the prisoner wearing when you met him?" replied "red," when in fact he did not really notice, he would be guilty of perjury, even though the prisoner was in reality wearing a red tie when the witness met him.

Numerous other instances of crimes which present similar curious points to the above might be given, and, in passing, persons taking out insurances against burglary might note that this crime can only be committed between the hours of 9 p. m. and 6 a. m.; that breaking into a house by means of an open door or window is not burglary, although entering a house by sliding down the chimney is.

We must not conclude this article without a short reference to a comparatively recent case in which a man not possessing the means to pay entered a restaurant, where he ordered and ate a good dinner. As, however, he was unable to pay for the same he was given in charge and subsequently indicted for "obtaining goods by false pretenses." The case resulted in the prisoner's acquittal on the ground that he had not been guilty of any false pretenses.

This individual therefore had a good meal on the cheap, but we should not advise any enterprising reader to emulate his example, as, although he could not indeed be prosecuted for obtaining goods by false pretenses, it seems that he will still be criminally liable under the bankruptcy act for obtaining credit by fraudulent means.—London Tit-Bits.

HOPLESS.

An English clergyman was addressing a congregation of fishermen, and in order to appeal the more to his hearers he introduced a number of nautical similes. He pictured a captain navigating his craft through a dangerous passage, surrounded with rocks and currents, and he described the voyage in detail. At last he reached his climax, when it seemed inevitable that the ship should be lost. "And what shall we do now?" he made his captain cry.

"Bless your soul, guvnor," replied a voice at the back, "that captain o' yours can't do nothin'! He's sailin' his ship stern foremost!"

He Was the Only One. "Did they have a goat when you joined the lodge, Dozer?"

"M'm—well, they had a scapegoat." Philadelphia Bulletin.

Men and Beasts.

I once had a trainer, an old Irishman, who had served in a British regiment in India and who knew the ways of tigers in every detail. He taught three of them to do more work in the show arena than I have ever seen done by tigers. I have seen him sitting down between two of them at rest times during rehearsals and examining their claws to see if any of them were sore or split. Any one who has ever tried that with even a house cat knows that it strikes the feline nature as an unwarrantable familiarity, but they never did more than show their teeth and whine, and that in half playfulness.

One day he got very drunk. I had never known him to transgress before. Before he was noticed on his return to the cage he had gone in with his tigers and fallen in a heap on the floor. The other keepers tried to take him out of the cage, but to have done so would have meant a bitter and bloody fight with the three striped ones. They guarded him all night in his drunken slumber. The next time he put them to work, however, they balked, and he could neither persuade nor drive them. They had ceased to trust him, or something of that sort, and his usefulness with them was at an end completely.—F. Bostock in Frank Leslie's.

MONSTER EELS.

Many of the islands of the western Pacific have in their streams and lakes large numbers of eels of immense size which seldom are used as food by the natives, who seem to have a horror of the snake-like creatures. The eels of Strong's Island, one of the Caroline group, are peculiar in that they hibernate regularly and seek for their place of hibernation the loftiest places which they can find.

These eels sometimes will climb mountains 2,000 feet high and select the summit as the place for their winter's rest. They select or make a depression in the soft, moss covered soil and fit themselves into it snugly, remaining for months at a time absolutely motionless and inert. Sometimes the eels are covered with moss or vegetable debris and at other times they are found exposed to view with their broad, flat heads doubled back upon their bodies. After their season of rest upon the mountain tops the eels wriggle their way down to the valleys and, plunging into the rivers and lakes, begin to feed upon the crawfish, for which crustacean they have a fondness which is shared by the natives. These eels are excellent eating, but nothing will induce the natives to touch them, alive or dead.

ST. PAUL'S.

"It is curious," says the London Chronicle, "how St. Paul's, although the first cathedral church in England that was built actually for the observance of the Anglican ritual, manages nevertheless to retain something of a foreign and a Catholic nature in the way it offers shelter to the tired passerby. Apart from the restless groups of sightseers, there are always plenty of people there who have gone in solely for the sake of its wonderful peace and quiet."

"They would have found neither, by the way, in old St. Paul's of the fifteenth century, for while mass was being said in one chapel, a funeral service in another, and so on, all sorts of commerce was carried on in the middle aisle, from the hiring of servants to the transaction of legal business.

"We have altered all that nowadays, and St. Paul's is the quietest spot in the noisiest city in the world."

CONTROL YOUR TEMPER.

There are three reasons why one ought to control his temper, and the first is self respect. When one loses command of himself and throws the reins upon the neck of passion, he may have for the moment a certain enjoyment in the license, but there must surely come a reaction of regret. When he is calm again and the fit has passed away, every serious person must be ashamed of what he said and what he did, of the manner in which he gave himself away and the exhibition he made of himself. He will recall the amazement on the faces of his friends and the silence which they adopted as a protective measure and the soothing language which they used, as if they were speaking with baby, and the glances which passed between them. He will not soon hold again with them as strong as he did before this outburst, nor will he have the same claim upon their confidence as a sound and clear headed man. He has acted like a fretful, peevish child and has for the time forfeited his title to manhood and the place of a man.

HER MARRIAGE DOT.

The Emperor Joseph II. was in the habit of walking about incognito. One morning he went into a coffee shop and asked for a cup of chocolate. He was plainly dressed and the waiters, being ignorant of his rank, insolently refused it, saying it was too early.

Without making any reply he walked out and went into a little coffee house hard by and asked for a cup of chocolate. The landlord answered that it should be ready in a moment.

While he waited for it he was conversing on different subjects when the landlord's daughter, a very pretty girl, made her appearance.

The emperor wished her good day and observed to her father that it was high time a flower in full bloom should marry before it faded

TOWN NEWS

Welcome rain.
Dwelling houses are in demand.
Go to Kauffmann's for boots and shoes.
May the moisture continue to come down.
Will Gindorf was down on a visit Sunday.

H. P. Tyson of San Francisco was in town Sunday.

Marks Nemanic has bought westerly 1/2 of lot 4 in block 122.

Jas. McNamara has leased the Sierra Point House on San Bruno road.

The Fuller Co.'s lifeboat rescued two drowning fishermen last week.

Mr. J. L. Wood is fast recovering from his injuries and was out on Wednesday.

Look out for Debenedetti & Montevaldo's big stock of groceries about February last.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post office building.

The boarding houses are running full and there are few vacant dwellings. All of which speaks well for our town.

Mountain View voted bonds to erect a high school building last week by a vote of 90 to 5.—Mayfield Republican.

The People's Store continues to keep a big stock and goods of first quality, which Mrs. Cohen is selling at city prices.

Bob Carroll is himself again and on duty. The cheap thieves and housebreakers who have been making trouble here of late "had better look a leetle out."

The largest hog ever raised in this county was slaughtered recently by Jesse Palmer of San Gregorio. It weighed a trifle over 600 pounds.—Leader, San Mateo.

The waterworks system of the Land & Improvement Co. has never been in such fine condition as at present. Engineer Brown has made several marked improvements at the pumping plant.

The store of Debenedetti & Montevaldo is finished. These enterprising gentlemen will commence putting in a stock of goods at once and will be ready for business about February 1st.

Messrs. Tibbett & Healy, Government contractors, have completed the new lighthouse at the outer beacon. Kept Dick Williamson says it is a great improvement every way and feels gratified over the fact.

The roundup of loose stock made by Poundkeeper Carroll recently caused some shouting, but stock owners who let their stock run at large should remember that the law requires every one to keep his stock on his own premises.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

On Thursday of last week two Italian fishermen were thrown into the waters of the bay from a small boat off Point San Bruno and would have been drowned but for the timely action of Superintendent Cox in sending the W. P. Fuller Co.'s lifeboat to their rescue.

A wagon-load of Butchertown San Francisco hoodlums indulged in a drunken fight on Baden avenue on Friday of last week. The absence of Deputy Constable Bob Carroll from town alone kept the gang from sobering off in our tight little town cooler.

On Saturday night last a trunk belonging to John Barnhart was taken from Barnhart's room at the Linden House, carried down towards the railroad, broken open, but nothing of value carried off. The thieves were evidently looking for cash and were disappointed.

The season's run is finished at the Spreckels factory, says the Watsonville Pajaronian. During the season 271,322 tons of beets were crushed, which at \$4.50 per ton, would make \$1,310,994 paid out for beets alone. Sixty million pounds of sugar were manufactured.—Mayfield Republican.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

A party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hedlund Sunday, the 19th inst., at their residence near San Mateo, in honor of their daughter's birthday. The following named guests and friends were present: Mrs. Harry Joseph and niece of San Francisco, Mrs. Janke, Mrs. Hansen, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. McCan and niece, Mrs. Sherar of San Mateo and Mrs. Kofoed of this town; the Misses Hilma Hedlund, Annie Sherar, Ella Levy, Florence Lamase, Margaret Kuhn, Addie Richland, Carrie Hansen, Dora Hansen, Ruth Nelson and Bessie Wald; Masters Charley Hedlund, Dave Sheran, Albert Higgins, Charley Hansen, Fritz Richland and Leland Kofoed. The afternoon was spent with music, singing, dancing and games. Refreshments were served in the afternoon at 6 o'clock and a bountiful supper later. It was a most delightful occasion and will be long and pleasantly recalled by all present.

SAN BRUNO SCHOOL.

Persons interested in our school are cordially invited to come and observe the work at any time. If you enjoy hearing the children sing, come Mondays, Wednesdays or Fridays at 1 p. m.

DID NOT GET TOO MUCH.

James Ferrero, who stabbed Charley Imporsani on New Year's eve, was held to answer on a felony charge. On Friday of last week Ferrero pleaded guilty before Judge Buck and was sentenced to seven years at San Quentin. Ferrero is a professional anarchist. His murderous assault upon Imporsani was unprovoked. He did not get too much.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

A very fortunate young man is Mr. J. Logie. Mr. Logie is a hard working and a soft drinking man. This fortunate smasher of rocks at Warren's quarry intended doing one of his chums a favor by feeding the stock for him. And by doing so hangs a tale of good fortune. Mr. Logie secured an axe somewhere and cut away three or four barbed wires that clung to a bale of hay and when the last straw gave way he was almost blinded with the glitter of gold. It almost staggered Mr. Logie to behold the large lump. But upon closer examination it proved to be what he thinks a very valuable timepiece. And he is anxious to have his find kept profoundly secret and sincerely hopes no one will identify the watch. J. S. O'Brien made several fruitless efforts to identify the chain by claiming that he and the blacksmith had forged several links in it. Hoffman claimed to identify the charm as that of "Jones," pile driver weight. Billy Van Dusen claims it is the watch to be given Bob Wilson next Christmas. There has been no one able to identify the timepiece, and in order to clear the way for some one to carry off the prize, the San Bruno scribe will try to describe the much sought for "gold brick." The case has no written guarantee for twenty years; its metal composition is entirely foreign to him, but he firmly believes that the Union Iron Works mixes stuff like it every day or two. The number, 478,201, is printed on the second lid on the inside in box-car letters. The movement is supposed to have been made by the Studebaker Works and has a wheelbarrow escapement, no number, but has a redeeming feature in having 42 rock quarry jewels.

Healy, Tibbitts & Co. have nearly completed their contract to drive nearly one hundred piles and also top them in order that S. A. Warren will be able to construct a new wharf by finishing the deck and lay switches for the new side tracks.

The new wharf at Warren's quarry will be 114 feet long and 80 feet wide. It will have a stationary engine and a derrick with an 80-foot boom in order to load the rock on the barges.

Six hundred tons of rock daily has been the record for the past week at the quarry; that's not bad, but will be increased to one thousand tons every twenty-four hours by the 1st of February.

Healy, Tibbitts & Co. placed a new dolphin in the same place where the old one stood that gave way some time ago, and Smith is once more happy.

There has been a great deal of excitement caused all along the San Bruno road by Hoffman, the Santa Fe weigher. He has undertaken to place 1000 reserved seat tickets on sale at 15c per seat, to witness the execution of the quarry timekeeper some nice day of this month. C. Pollard has offered 30 cents for the exclusive privilege of taking electric pictures. Bill Jones has kindly volunteered his good graces by offering his pile driver frame for a gallows; the Dutch comedian wants to oil the wheel; greasy Shaw wants to cut the rope; fat Webber wants to be one of the weights; little Frank will be bottle holder; Harry Day will throw the shagg; "Whiskers" wants to blow him up; Geo. Austin says dam—in; and there are a great many others that would like to hand him a "package."

Roll call was had as follows: Ayes

—Supervisors Eikerenkotter, McCormick and Debenedetti. Noes—Supervisors McEvoy and Coleman.

Debenedetti suggested that some action should be taken to entertain the supervisors of the State who will meet here in May. After much discussion the Chairman appointed the following committee to prepare prospectus and programme for the convention: Geo. C. Ross, G. H. Rice, L. P. Behrens, Geo. W. Lovie, D. E. O'Keefe, J. V. Swift and R. H. Jury. The committee was asked to present a report at the next meeting.

The protest filed by Peter Cronin in connection with the concrete bridge at the foot of Howard hill, San Mateo, was taken up.

Chairman McEvoy said he had inspected the bridge and declared it to be the best ever built in the county.

It was a very creditable piece of work and would vote to deny the protest.

Surveyor Gilbert explained that he also inspected the bridge and found it to be built according to the specifications.

On motion of Eikerenkotter the protest was denied.

This execution will not be held in strict accordance with the law, but the working force of the quarry state that the time has come for something to be done, and there is something going to be done.

Smith, "the King of the Wharf," has given the timekeeper the preference of jumping off the wharf at high tide. Something out of the usual has happened, for, ordinarily, these timekeepers are the very acme of courtesy and good-fellowship.

The San Bruno road has assumed a much more prosperous appearance since Darby Sweeney has been placed as head instructor in regard as to how to spread the salve.

D. McKenney will be remembered by a great many Enterprise readers as the man who was taken off of a Folsom street electric car during the strike and severely beaten up. Although Mr. McKenney assured the strikers that he was not a scab and volunteered to prove the fact it availed him nothing and he was terribly beaten. We wish to state that Mr. McKenney's statement in regard to his not being a scab is true. And if a reporter's word is not taken in doubt by some skeptic the San Bruno scribe will attest to the fact. Now, Mr. McKenney conceived the idea that a man in order to be a good citizen should be able to protect himself from all such onslaughts and came to the immediate conclusion to be healed for all future occasions of that description. Forthwith he procured a Colt's 38-caliber revolver and firmly made up his mind that if the strikers would only bat an eyelid at him there would be blood, puddles of blood; in fact, he dreamed of blood, and often imagined he was in the Western Meat Company's killing room and waded in blood. His thirst for blood became so chronic that one bright evening he drew his time with the intention of killing not less than 500 of these strikers. Scab! Hey! I'll show them something they have not read in the Bible. These were a few of his casual remarks. Mr. McKenney arrived in the city between 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening, and immediately proceeded to one of his familiar haunts and there met a friend to whom he confided all his secrets; to his friend had no desire to see him in any trouble and treated several times in a futile effort to persuade McKenney not to shoot any one. But Dinney had made up his mind and that settled it; of course, they had a few more of those "Bohemian Club packages" and next morning McKenney took an invoice of himself and found 30 cents, that's all.

Yesterday was pay day at the quarry and a great many of the boys were made happy.

NOTES FROM HALFMOON BAY.

Tom Horn and Mrs. Chas. Horn of Redwood City were guests of relatives Saturday and Sunday.

George P. Schaeffer, formerly of this place, is now in Los Banos, Merced county.

There seems to be something wrong

with our local empoundment system.

The streets are full of stock of various denominations, including equines, bovines and assinines. They have been doing considerable damage and causing much annoyance. A few nights since a mangy horse backed the rear part of its anatomy up against a window in the Quinal building, ostensibly to scratch off a Spring Valley mosquito bite, and smashed several panes of glass. Mr. Quinal intends suing the poundmaster's bondsmen for the damages.

It is very probable that Halfmoon

Bay will be lighted and heated with natural gas within a few months. Since the recent flitting oil and gas strikes in the Purisima wells, Messrs.

Hayne & Guiberson have in earnest contemplation the project of laying a pipe line to our town. The gas is of a very fine quality and there seems to be an abundance of it. The wells of Messrs. Frick, Parker and Botts, on the Holtje place, also exude an abundance of gas.—Advocate-Pennant.

COUNTY BOARD IN SESSION.

Official Business Transacted by Supervisors at Monday's Meeting.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday. All members were present, including Supervisor Debenedetti, who has not attended a session of the board since last October, owing to an accident.

The communication of J. T. Van

Why of San Mateo explaining his bid for coal was ordered filed.

The bid of the San Francisco and

San Mateo Railway Company offering

\$100 for a franchise was accepted. On motion of Eikerenkotter the usual

ordinance was adopted. All the members voted for it. By the terms of the

sale the company must complete and

have the road in operation within

three years.

In the absence of a certificate from the architect for the new building at the Poor Farm, the building committee recommended awaiting such report before proceeding with the acceptance of the building.

A communication from George Stone

soliciting funds for the McKinley monu-

ment was read and ordered filed.

On the suggestion of Supervisors

Coleman and Eikerenkotter the bids

presented at last meeting for shoes,

clothing and coal for the Poor Farm

were rejected and the superintendent

instructed to purchase these articles in

open market.

To the petition of F. M. Steele and

others of Pescadero, asking that the

State game laws be substituted for the

county game laws, was added another

from the people of San Gregorio. Mc-

Cormick moved that the petition be

granted. McEvoy and Coleman both

spoke against the motion, explaining

that the game of the county needed the

protection it was at present receiving.

Roll call was had as follows: Ayes

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also inspected the bridge and found it

to be built according to the specifica-

tions. Subsequently the company

learned it had taken the job at too low

a figure and flatly refused to proceed.

The difference in the contracts, how-

ever, was about \$1400, and the Super-

visors believed they can recover on the

board adjourned.

The board adjourned.

A BOY VISITS A KING.

FINDS EDWARD OF ENGLAND AN AFFABLE MAN.

Lad on Camera Tour Is Forbidden to Take Picture of Marlborough House, but Is Given an Interview by the Ruler and His Queen.

A Washington high school cadet, who, without influence or introduction, recently had a talk and lunch with King Edward in his palace, thinks the British monarch is almost as democratic in his manners as the new occupant of the White House.

This lad is Wilbur Johnson, son of a Washington storekeeper. He set out alone on a camera tour of England, and incidentally came to Marlborough house, King Edward's residence.

"I handed the guard a piece of silver," remarked the cadet, in telling his adventures, "and went inside the gates. Securing a good view, I planted my tripod and got the focus, when I was startled to see an elderly gentleman standing directly in front of me.

"Hello, sonny. What are you going to do?" he asked.

"He told me I could not take a picture of Marlborough house, that the camera must be stopped somewhere, and that they drew the line at the King's palace.

"I fancied he was a clerk, and, handing him my card, I asked for his. Then I nearly dropped, for he said:

"I haven't a card; I'm the Duke of Argyle."

"Well, when I had recovered, he asked me if I wanted to see the king. That, I assured him, was just what I most desired. He smiled and said he might be able to arrange it. I was to present myself at Marlborough house at 3:30 o'clock. At that hour I handed my card to one of the two guards. He disappeared, and a moment later was back again, bowing and calling my name, 'Mr. Johnson.'

"That room was the most beautiful I ever saw. All mosaic and gilded chairs, and beautiful furnishings. At the farther end—it seemed a long way off to me—stood a man in a black Prince Albert coat alone. I looked at him, and my first thought was 'big burly man.' Then, when I got to thinking that this man was at the head of all the British empire, I became nervous.

"As I walked toward him I was at a loss to know what to do. I had to decide in a hurry, so I just raised my hand and saluted him as I would salute any officer of our cadets.

"The King's face was very pleasant, and he smiled little. He returned my salute and extended his hand to me. We shook hands.

"I see you are an officer," began the King, "in some military company."

"No, sir, I am only a private," I answered.

"Ah, I thought you were an officer."

"Then I explained to him that our officers wore shoulder straps. He asked me all about the high school cadets, saying that he'd heard of our companies, and I told him.

"The King smiled now and then. He seemed interested, and asked many questions about the cadets.

"I was terribly upset, for I had no idea what to do when with a king. My face was burning red, and I was always afraid he was going to ask me something I could not answer. He asked me how I liked London, and I assured him that I could not complain.

"There was an interval of silence. I was very much troubled, and would have given a good deal to be well away from that place. I wanted to leave most of the talking to the King, and things were getting awkward.

"At last the King leaned forward and tapped a little silver bell. A servant in gorgeous livery appeared and bowed low before his Majesty. Then he bowed to me. The King ordered tea, and the man brought it to us. It was served in the smallest kind of cups, and without milk or sugar. I was about to ask for these, when I thought that some people don't use them and that it might not be just the right thing. That tea was fine.

"Just after we had tea—the King and I—a tall and very beautiful woman entered. It was Queen Alexandra, but she did not look at all like any of her pictures. She is far better looking. Now, I hadn't expected to see the King, and to meet King and Queen both was a trying ordeal. My face became more red than ever, I suppose, for I did not know just the right thing to do.

"The Queen held out her hand. I walked to her, kneeling, bent over it. Now, I knew better than to kiss her hand, for I had read something about that in books. I took her hand in mine and kissed the back of my own hand. Then the Queen 'raised me,' as you might say."

Young Johnson admits that he was in great confusion, and heartily wished himself safe back in his hotel. The Queen, however, asked him a few questions, and he told her of his little sister and brother, who admired her greatly, he asserted. The Queen said:

"Dear little girl," of the sister, and sent both her love. After a few moments she left the young American again alone with the King.

"Again I did not know what to say," he remarked. "I had read something of the royal jewels having been moved a short time before from the Tower of London to Marlborough house. I had the audacity to ask King Edward to let me see them. He hesitated a second, then assented.

"We went into a smaller room on the side, and then I saw the jewels. Queen Victoria's crown, which weighed thirty-nine ounces, was there, with its sapphire that is supposed to have come

down from Edward the Confessor, and also the sword of Edward the Black Prince; the crown of Mary II.; the sword of Excalibur of King Arthur of the Round Table, and many other wonderful relics. It took us some time to view them, and during this time the King said not a word.

"When we got back I wanted to get away. I was afraid it was not right to take out my watch, but I did so. It was five minutes past 4. I had been with the King half an hour.

"Well, I said, 'I've got to get back.'

"The King said 'Good-bye' pleasantly, and hoped that I had enjoyed the visit."

ODD INSURANCE CASE.

All Hung Upon Which One of Two Died First.

Justice Kenefick has decided the peculiar Southwell inheritance case, which was tried in the Supreme Court in Buffalo several months ago. Peter Southwell and his second wife were found dead in bed at their home in Austin, Pa., one night in January, 1900. They had been asphyxiated by gas. Southwell left an insurance policy for \$3,000 issued by the Royal Arcanum and made payable to his second wife. He left two children by his first wife, Johanna and George W. Southwell. They claimed they had inherited the insurance money, but relatives of Mrs. Southwell No. 2 also claimed it. The administrator of the estate, John R. Gray, refused to turn it over to either of the sets of claimants until the courts decided who was entitled to it. Then the Southwell children brought suit in the Supreme Court to collect the money.

Everything hinged on the question of which of the asphyxiated couple died first. If Mrs. Southwell died first, she could not have inherited the insurance that was made payable to her; it would then have reverted to Southwell's next of kin, his two children, but if her death occurred even a single moment later than that of her husband, then the ownership of the money must have passed to her, and upon her death to her next of kin. Those next of kin contended that the husband had died first. Southwell's children held that Mrs. Southwell had died first.

Each side produced numerous medical experts at the trial to prove by the disclosures of the autopsy on the bodies that the particular side they represented was right. The result was that when the trial was finished, the question of survivorship was still a very doubtful one, and the delicate task of settling the case was left to Justice Kenefick. He spent much time on it and surprised some of those interested by the manner in which he disposed of the case. He decided in favor of the Southwell children, holding in part, as follows:

"It would serve no useful purpose to discuss here the reasons assigned by the various medical witnesses for their answers to this question, inasmuch as the court, after careful consideration, has reached the conclusion that it would be mere conjecture, surmise and speculation to essay the decision of survivorship in this case upon such testimony. This controversy must be determined, therefore, upon the assumption that there is no proof to decide which of these individuals predeceased the other. Under such circumstances the civil law indulges in presumptions based on age and sex to aid in determining the survivorship of persons perishing in a common disaster. The common law, however, recognizes no presumptions on the subject. In the absence of evidence the fact is assumed to be unascertainable, and a rule of distribution has been adopted whereby property rights are disposed of as if death occurred simultaneously.

"Under the certificate of incorporation of the society as well as under its constitution and laws referred to above, this fund was intended for the widow, children, relatives or dependents of the insured; it was not in the power of the insured to designate as beneficiaries the person represented by the defendant. Yet the practical effect of sustaining the defendant's claim would be to divert the fund from the insured's children and pass it directly to the relatives of the beneficiary. Judgment is directed for the plaintiffs accordingly, but without costs."

Cheap Dinners in London.

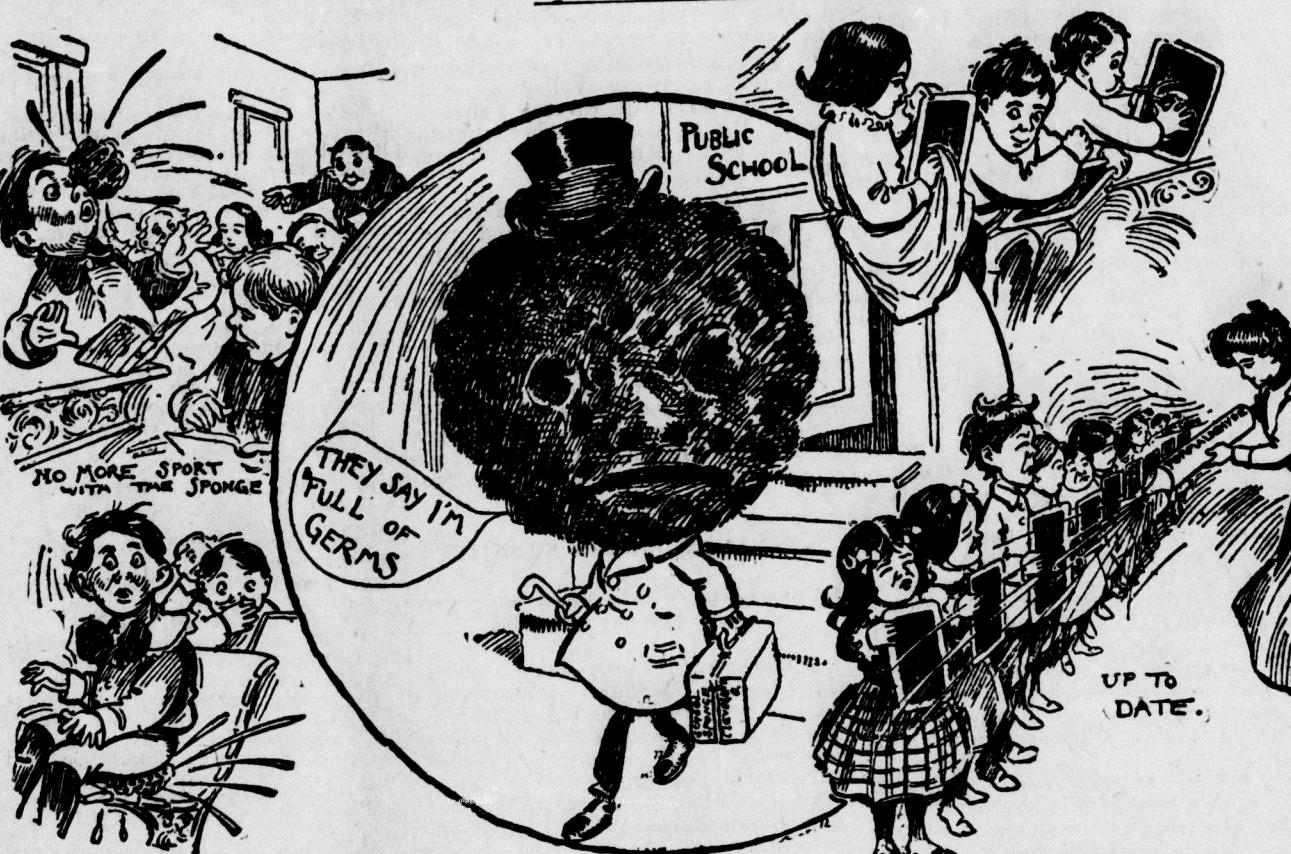
A company has been formed in London, the promoters of which propose to provide the laboring classes with dinners at the rate of four cents each. The company has built an extensive, complete and central steam bakery and kitchen covering more than an acre of ground, and connected with the principal railways. Here meat, flour, eggs, vegetables and fruit will be received direct from the farms. Prime joints will be sold to consumers. The boiling parts will be converted into dressed provisions, soups, and beef tea to compete with the large importations of foreign meats. The kitchen will prepare family meals in the form of stews or pies, consisting of a pound of meat without bone, six pounds of vegetables, cereals and dried fruit, sufficient to provide a savory dinner for six persons at a cost of 24 cents. The meats used are beef and mutton only. The vegetables range from potatoes to spinach. Of cereals there are twenty-three varieties, including several American breakfast foods. The service of the dinners will be on lines similar to those which workmen have already proved to be successful.

Spanish Income Tax.

The new Spanish income tax schedule is based on the idea of taxing business profits wherever found. Banks must pay 15 per cent of their income to the government, besides 5 per cent more on all dividends paid, while ordinary corporations must pay 12 per cent on income and 8 per cent on dividends.

"We went into a smaller room on the side, and then I saw the jewels. Queen Victoria's crown, which weighed thirty-nine ounces, was there, with its sapphire that is supposed to have come

THE SPONGE MAY SOON BE BARRED FROM CITY SCHOOLS.



The sponge is coming into disfavor in the St. Louis public schools.

"There are excellent grounds for the objection, too," says Chief Dispensary Physician Jordan. "They are a good carrier of germs, and extremely liable to be unclean."

"The make-up of the sponge shows the possibility of its retaining germs. For that reason the use of the sponge has been largely abandoned in surgery and absorbent cotton used instead. I should recommend the use of a cloth. One of the most dangerous practices in connection with the use of sponges is by children spitting upon a sponge. Diphtheria, tuberculosis and other communicable diseases may be spread by this means. Especially if the sponge were passed from one child to another. Something less expensive and often destroyed, like a cloth, would be less dangerous, I believe."

"The use of the sponge is passing in the public schools," stated Assistant School Superintendent Murphy. "The sponge in its very nature is uncleanly, and, of course, children cannot be made to keep them clean. For several years we have been discouraging their use."

THE SNOWDRIFT.

When night dropped down, the fields were dark and dun,
Storm sprites were out—we heard the north wind blow;
Then when arose the slowly wading sun,
Morning came mantled in a robe of snow.

White grew the landscape; every field and knoll
Shone forth transfigured by the snow-storm's spell;
The trees and fences stood in motley droll,
Half dark, half whitened by this miracle.

But where the stone wall held its Parian weight
Of snowdrift, like some Alp or Apenine,
We saw a sculpture man could not create,
Smoothed off and chiseled by some touch divine.

Mute wonder of the myriad molded snow,
Pure as the stars that sentinel the sky,
What art could improvise and fashion so,
Unless some godlike power sped procreant by!

Here plinth and cornice, architrave and frieze,
Lift up a beauty to the day and sun,
Amidst the silver of the tinselled trees,
That never Phidias or Canova won. Country Life.

A ONE-SIDED WOOING.

HE was a big-limbed, brown-faced man, and somehow he looked awkward amid the glittering artificiality of a ballroom. He was just the sort of being one associated with big game hunting and the wild regions of the earth. He seemed as much out of place at a dance as a rice pudding in a Parisian menu.

"Miss Bainbridge!"

"Mr. Carlyon!"

The man's voice was apologetic, the girl's frankly amazed.

"Fancy finding you at a dance!" the girl went on, after the first flush of surprise had died a natural death.

"Yes, it's not much in my line. But the fact is—I well, I came to see you."

"To see me?"

"Yes. I wanted to ask your advice on a subject that has been worrying me a great deal. You're about the only girl I know whom I thought I could tackle without fear of being laughed at. Can you give me a dance?"

Millicent Bainbridge could hardly help smiling at the almost boyish manner in which the sunburnt young giant voiced his semi-apologetic avowal.

"I shall be delighted," she said, sweetly.

"What shall it be?"

"O, I don't care—I mean I do care, only I can't dance, so it can be polka, waltz, or what you will. But I know you're a good dancer, so it had better be one you don't mind sitting out."

"Shall we say number six, polka?"

Number six arrived in due course. By that time Millicent was devoured with curiosity to know what Carlyon could possibly want to ask her advice about. How big and handsome and frank he was! So different to the usual run of men encountered in a London ballroom.

Carlyon bore his partner away in triumph.

"Why on earth didn't you say so at once, Mr. Carlyon?" she cried roguishly. "It would have saved such a lot of trouble. Why, there's the music for the next dance."

Again Millicent's face became scarlet.

"Why, what do you mean?" she cried.

"Well—I—O, what an ass I am! I thought—I hoped perhaps you'd give me a lead. It was you I'd fallen in love with, Miss Bainbridge!"

Millicent could hardly keep from bursting into a peal of merry laughter.

"Why on earth didn't you say so at once, Mr. Carlyon?" she cried roguishly. "It would have saved such a lot of trouble. Why, there's the music for the next dance."

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Carlyon bore his partner away in

Pen Picture for Women.

"I am so nervous, there is not a well inch in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion horribly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory for advice. An inflamed and



Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS.

ulcerated condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symptoms, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Englewood, N.J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a store.

Refuse of the Universe.

"It was a Beothuk Indian legend that when God made the world he swept the universe of the refuse and cast it into the sea, and when the white men came from the rising place of the sun they called the heap Newfoundland and chose it for a dwelling place," says Norman Duncan in Ainslee's. "It may be so. In its remotest parts Newfoundland might easily be taken for the leavings and rejected materials of the work of creation, there cast away. It is as fertile as an ash heap, which, moreover, it resembles in that it contains scraps of everything which entered into the making of the world—iron, copper, coal, gold and all other treasures under the ground. The interior is a soggy, rock strewn barren, an interminably vast waste, where not so much as a shrub is to be seen and no man chooses to live. Stunted forests fringe coast, a skinny growth of pine and spruce and birch, through which you may walk miles in vain search for a schooner's spar. The shore line is rock, in some places swept by flood and fire bare of all soil—grim, naked rock. To many a Newfoundland a sandy beach would be as great a wonder as a horse."

Meerschaum Cost in Making.

A fire in a pipemaker's shop the other day spoiled the proprietor's stock of meerschaum and incidentally disposed of the idea, common in most smokers' minds, that this commodity is very expensive. Meerschaum itself is not expensive. That used by the manufacturers in this country is imported as raw material from Austria, but most of it is obtained in Asia Minor. Usually there are three or four different grades, running from the rough and mixed to the pure and finely grained article. There is no duty upon it. The chunks, not unlike cannel coal in shape, are packed in oblong boxes, about two feet and a half long, a foot wide and a foot high. The raw material is quite brittle and has to be soaked in water before it is used for modeling.

Meerschaum pipes are expensive because much of the material from which the bowls are made has to be thrown away before a piece is found that has no flaws in it. The shavings, however, are never wasted. They are used to make a cheaper grade of pipes which are known as chip meerschaums.—New York Post.

The Scales on the Hair.

If you look at a human hair under the microscope, you will find that its surface is formed of successive overlapping scales. The bristles of the hog bear much resemblance to the human hair, though their diameter is greater and the thielike scales are much finer. Sheep's hair has much coarser scales. It is owing to the existence of these scales that a schoolboy is able by a peculiar process to tell which is the tip and which the other end of a hair rolling it between his finger and thumb. Thus manipulated, the hair always travels in the direction of the base because the edges of the scales prevent it from going the other way.

Anesthetics in China.

A Chinese manuscript in the Paris Library proves that anesthetics for surgical purposes were used in China 1,700 years ago. It states that when a surgeon conducted a serious operation he gave a decoction to the patient, who after a few moments became as insensible as if he were dead. Then, as the case required, the surgeon performed the operation—incision or amputation—and removed the cause of the malady. Then he brought together and secured the tissues and applied liniments. "After a certain number of days the patient recovered without having experienced the slightest pain during the operation."

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

Cups, Brushes and Sponges That Are Left In Barber Shops.

"What becomes of all the old shaving mugs?" was the question asked the barber.

"What becomes of the owners?" was the response.

Neither side seemed disposed to answer the query, and there was an awkward silence. The barber slapped his razor on the strop, smeared some extra lather on the victim's mouth so he wouldn't be inclined to interrupt and said in a stage whisper:

"Now, I'll tell you, but I don't want it shouted from the housetops. We use the mugs again."

He paused and sighed as he tossed the questioner's head the other way.

"Yes," he continued, "we use them again. We don't like to lose customers; but, if we must lose them, why, we don't mind if they leave their cups, etc., behind. It's surprising how many do; but, then, barbers do mostly a 'shifting trade.' It's no secret that we urge customers to have their own cup. Most of them are satisfied if they have a private cup, brush and sponge. We supply them with the man's name on the cup for \$1.50, and our profit on the transaction is 50 cents. When a man has a razor and comb and brush besides the other tools, he generally takes the whole lot away when he's leaving, but countless cups, brushes and sponges are left behind in every barber shop.

"The cups are always good. Many of them contain such common names as John Smith, William Jones, etc., and when some other John Smith or William Jones orders a cup we simply supply him with the cast off one. Sometimes they need a little touching up with gilding; but, on the whole, it's very profitable.

"The brushes and sponges? Oh, we use them on the transients."—New York Telegram.

Treachery of Tropical Nature.

"It is very like a fairy story," said Esther under her breath.

"Very," said he. "And in fairy stories there are witches, enchanters and horrible things that come out of the forest, are not there? Well, so it is there in South America. There is a background of danger. One must keep one's eyes open. Here in England nature is safe and kind, eh? You can play with her as if she were an old tabby cat, but out there she is a striped tiger, beautiful and fierce and never to be trusted.

"There is everlasting strangling going on in the woods. Even the flowers are not kind and harmless. The orchids twist and perch and swing and bloom on branches they are hugging to death. You break a twig of something that looks like a vine, and its milk raises a blister on your hand; you touch what you think is a leaf, and it gallops off on a hundred legs! The animals pretend to be vegetables and the vegetables to be animals. Every living thing is trying to protect itself with all its little might and main and to get the better of its enemies, just as the people in towns do. Oh, the high woods of the Andes are not moral, they are not Christian, I assure you! Nature is opulent, and she is splendid, but she isn't good."—The Alien, by F. F. Montresor.

Buying and Selling.

"You advertised," said the gullible one, "that you had discovered the key to success."

"True," admitted the fakir.

"Well, it didn't help me a little bit."

"The reason for that," answered the fakir pleasantly, "is that you have been buying the key instead of selling it. It has brought me success."—Chicago Post.

OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Peruna.



Mr. Isaac Brock, the Oldest Man in the United States.

Mr. Isaac Brock of McLennan county, Tex., has attained the great age of 111 years, having been born in 1788. He is an ardent friend to Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms:

"During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases, but I have learned from Dr. Hartman's books that these affections are the same and are properly called catarrh."

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found it to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for these affections."

"Peruna has been my stand-by for many years, and I attribute my good health and my extreme age to this remedy. It exactly meets all my requirements."

"I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people."

Isaac Brock.

Tolstoi's book has been translated into Hebrew. In Germany there are 218 translations of books of his, in France 159, in England 175.

La Grippe conquers life—Wizard Oil conquers La Grippe. Your druggist sells Wizard Oil.

The Last Execution at Tyburn.

The last execution on a permanent gallows in London took place at Tyburn on Nov. 7, 1783, the malefactor being one John Austin, condemned for highway robbery with violence. For centuries Tyburn had been the scene of executions for criminals condemned in Middlesex, and before the erection of the permanent gibbet occasional hangings had taken place, record existing of the hanging of Judge Tressilian and Nicholas Bremble at that place as far back as 1388.

The gallows consisted of three posts, and around it were open galleries, resembling race stands, in which seats were let. On account of the disgraceful scenes on the road, executions were transferred in 1783 to the area in front of Newgate, despite the objections of residents, and on Dec. 3 of that year, the first hanging took place there, when no less than ten were executed.—London Chronicle.

There Were No More Complaints.

A certain Benedict was in the habit of troubling his father-in-law with complaints about his wife's behavior. "Really, this is too bad," cried the irascible old gentleman one day, on hearing of some of his daughter's delinquencies. "If I hear any more complaints I will disinherit her!"—London Chronicle.

Figure It Out.

Since the force exerted by the human heart every twenty-four hours is sufficient to lift 120 tons one foot high, when a man tells his sweetheart that "he loves her with all his heart" can it be that he means 10,000 pounds an hour?—New York Times.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills

Must Bear Signature of

Health Food

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small end as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 cents. Purely Vegetable. Manufactured by G. W. Carter & Son, Boston, Mass.

Genuine by Patent Law.

25 cents. Purely Vegetable. Manufactured by G. W. Carter & Son, Boston, Mass.

Genuine by Patent Law.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Advice to Students.

To Those Who May Consider: The best College to attend for the purpose of becoming practical Stenographers is, in our judgment, the Galloher-Marr, Parrott Building, S. F. Cal. Ernest A. Girvin, L. A. Washburne, W. J. Nicholson, Official Reporters, Supreme Court, State of Cal. Send for catalogue.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for

any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him

perfectly honorable and business

admirably able to carry out any

obligations made by his firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The best to-day is producing 60 per cent of

the world's sugar.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 20th.—For many years

Garfield Tea, The Herb Cure, has been earning

a reputation that is rare—it is UNIVERSALLY

praised! This remedy presents unusual attractions to those in search of health; it is made of HERBS that cure in Nature's way—by re

moving the cause of disease; it is safe

and it cleanses the system, purifying the blood and

establishes a perfect action of the digestive

organs. It is equally good for young and old.

The amount of gold coin in actual circula

tion in the world is estimated by the Bank

of England officials to be about 800 tons.

FITS Permanently Cured.

No fits or convulsions.

FITS after first day's use of Dr. F. R. Hartman's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE.

Dr. F. R. Hartman, 31 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The plan of destroying hail clouds by ex

ploding bombs among them was suggested

nearly 100 years ago by Professor Parrot of Biga.

A DOUBTING THOMAS.

Had His Falling Hair Stopped and Dandruff Cured, Without Faith.

H. B. Fletcher, Butte, Mont., Oct. 20,

1899, says: "Like many other people, I

have been troubled for years with dandruff,

and within the last few months my hair

came out so badly that I was compelled to

have what I had left clipped very close.

A friend recommended Newbro's Herpicide.

I confess that I doubted his story; but I

gave Herpicide a trial; now my hair is as

thick as ever, and entirely free from dan

dandruff." "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect." At druggists, \$1.00. Herpicide is a delightful hair dressing for regular use.

NEWFOUNDLAND TRAGEDY.

A Fisherman's Wild Sail to Procure Medical Aid.

"The lack of physicians is one of the horrors of the isolation in which the Newfoundlanders of this coast live," says Norman Duncan in Ainslee's. "There is none within fifty miles of most harbors; none within reaching distance of many. It is related of a fisherman who was something of a merchant that his wife, whom he fondly loved, lay in agony for many days while an autumn gale raged. No man in the harbor would put off in a skiff to fetch the nearest physician, who lived fifteen miles down the coast, for there was no possibility that he who ventured could survive. On the fourth day the wind moderated. Two men volunteered to accompany Allerton. They set sail in the first hours of a snowstorm, which abated, however, before they reached their destination. Fighting doggedly, they took the boat safely in, after indescribable hardship and through ever present danger. The gale had gone down when they knocked on the physician's door. A heavy sea was running, but the danger of wreck on the return voyage was quickly passing.

"What's the matter with the woman?" the physician asked.

"He was informed.

"The husband minutely described his wife's agony. Then he offered what amounted almost to half his fortune as a fee.

"I'll take that," said the doctor. "If you fetch her here. Go back and get her, and I'll attend to the case."

"In an open boat!" the husband exclaimed.

He pointed out that his wife's condition put beyond the bounds of reason.

"Well, I can't do anything," said the physician. "If you bring her over, I'll attend to her."

"When the husband got back to his home, the child had been born, but the woman died the next day."

Canada's Banking Business.

The banking business in Canada is on a different plan from that in this country. The headquarters of most of the banks throughout the Dominion is in Ontario, either at Hamilton, Kingston or Toronto. Each bank has its central office, generally in one of the cities named, and as many branches as it cares to maintain in different parts of Canada, some of these branches being as far distant as Dawson.

Canada's Banking Business.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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202 SANSOME STREET.

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